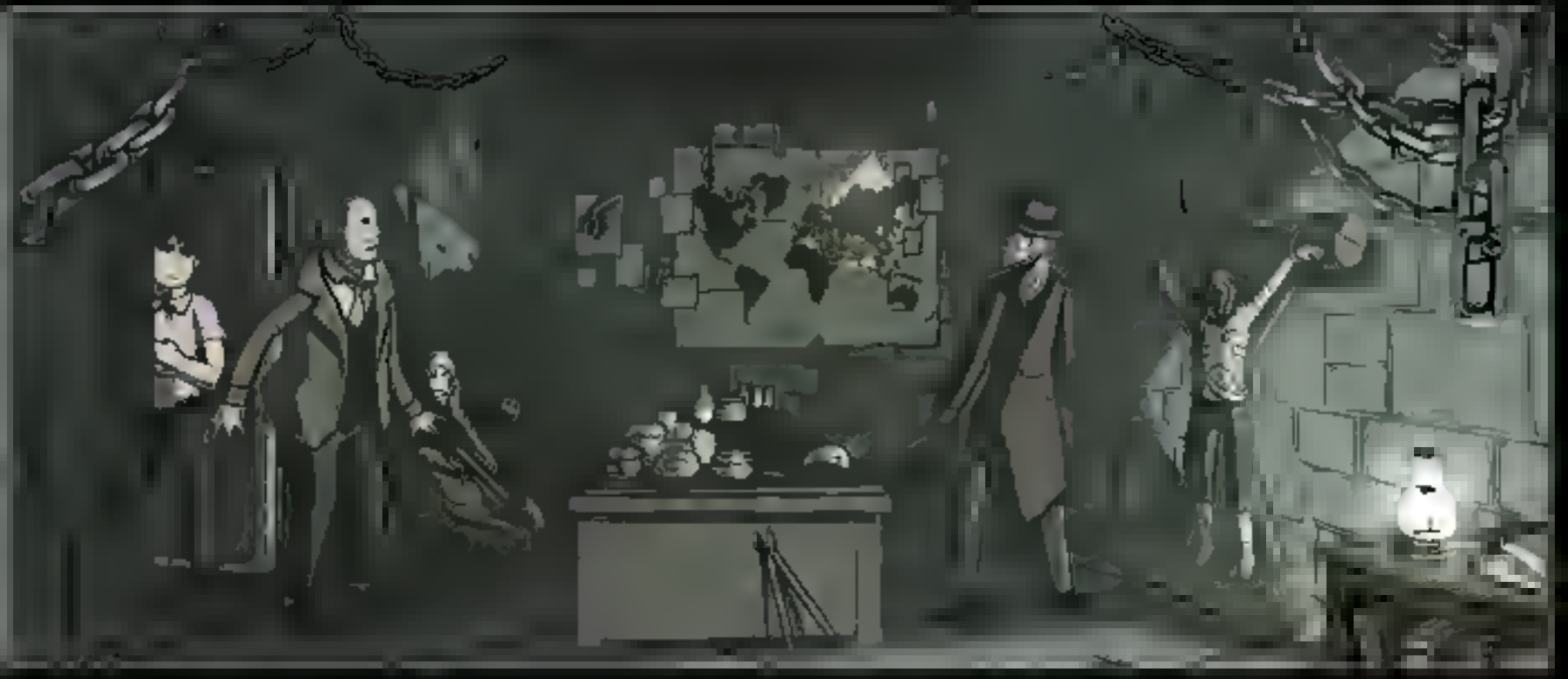
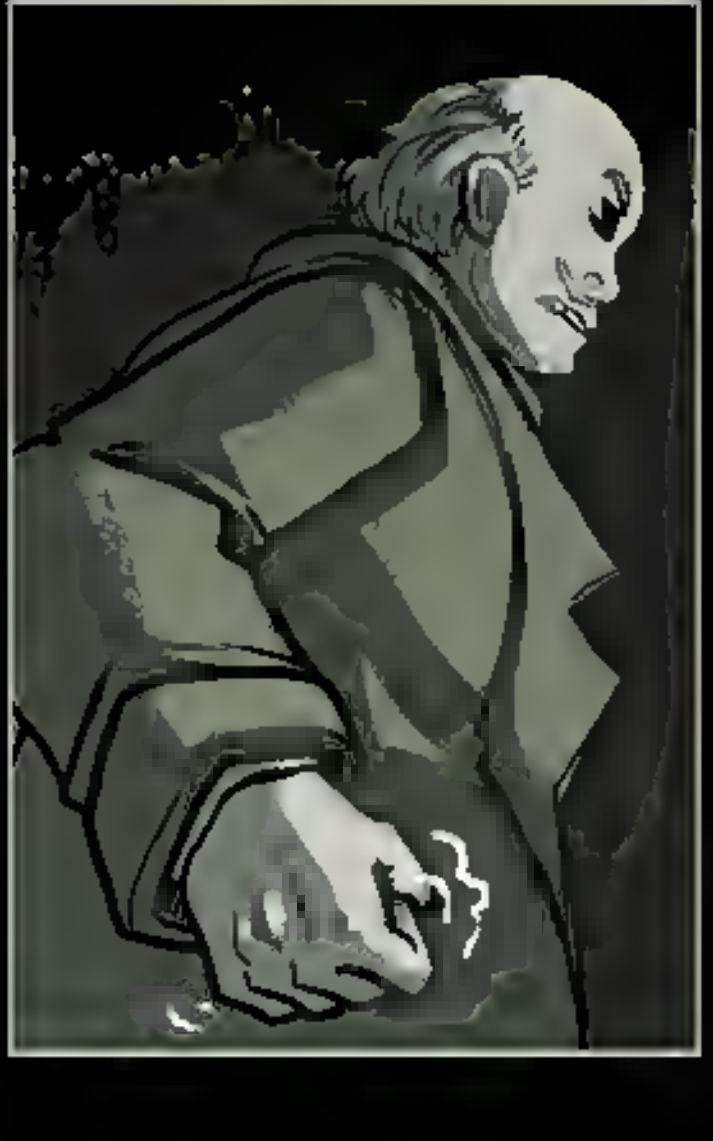
THE SWORD INTERVAL

BY BEN FLEUTER

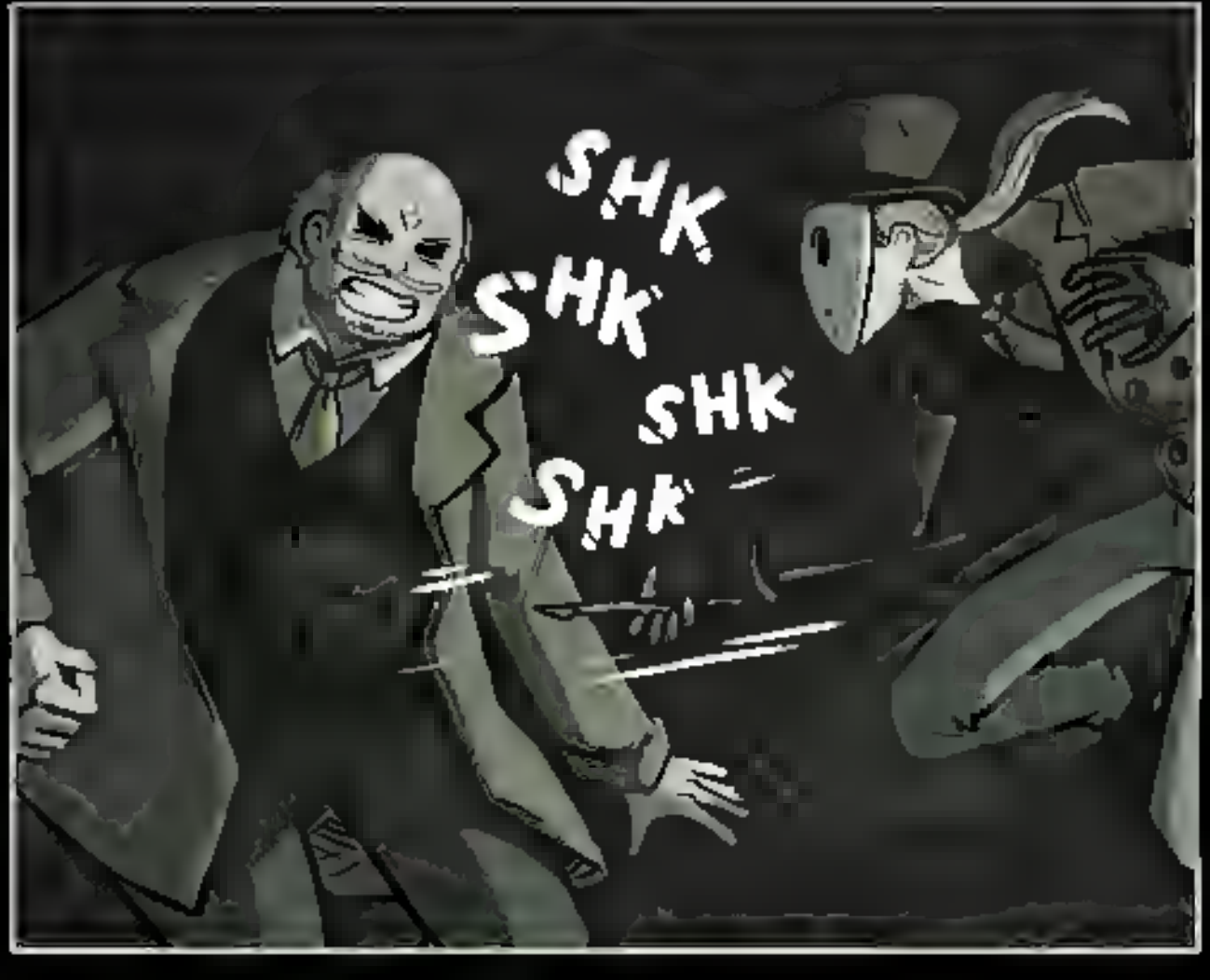
Then Broughton had his second son. Arthur.
This time Karl would get to him first. Oh yes! This time news of the next incarnation - of Sarah's new flesh - was delivered to his door!



He took a job as a professor. As Arthur grew, Karl watched for those hidden assassins. Oooh he was patient. VIGILANT! But they lurked *in* every shadow. The students? The faculty? NONE could be TRUSTED! Some had to GO! It was simply a liability for the child to roam free, you see!



And so Karl donned a mask, and under cover of night, he spirited Arthur away, beneath the Hall. He could better watch him there! Keep him safe! Understand what made. Him. TICK!


SHK
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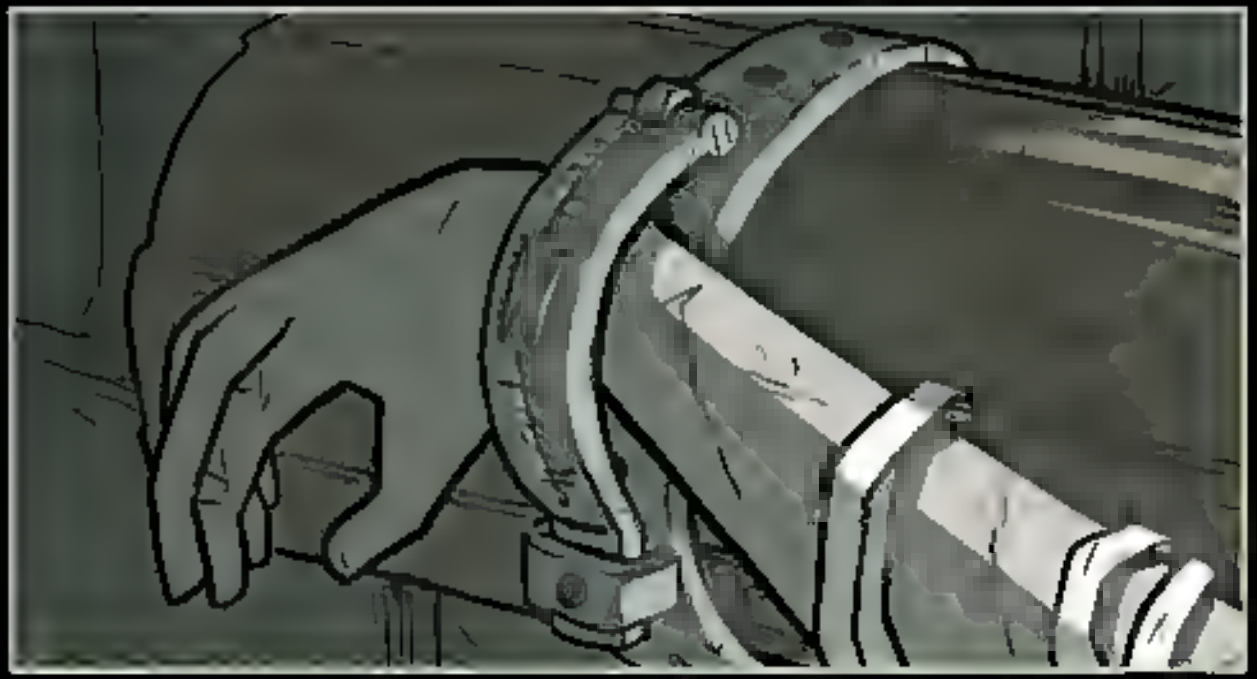
I...
I'm sure this is just a *vision* of what happened but...



SNAP
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